

THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

VOLUME VII. No. 14

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DECEMBER 31, 1916

Greeting.

BY L. D. STEARNS.

HAPPY New Year to you, children,—
This way, that way, up or down;
Mountain top, or lowly valley—
City's din, or country town!

January, February,—
May each month that swings along,
Up to grizzly old December,
Add a little sweeter song

To the Book of Life you're holding,
Open, in your hand, to-day;
Fresh and clean for you to write in,
As the twelvemonth speeds away.

Happy New Year to you, children,—
This way, that way, up or down;
Mountain top, or lowly valley—
City's din, or country town!

The Rescue.

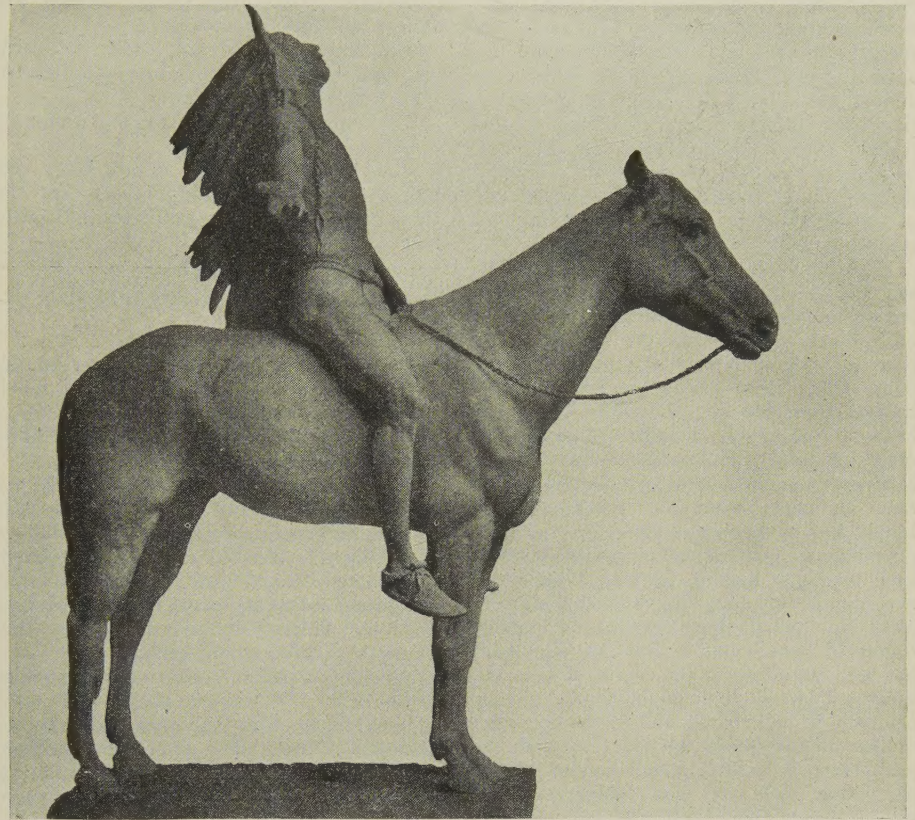
BY F. H. SWEET.

HOWARD WIMSY was skimming along leisurely at a twenty-mile rate, his sail half reefed on account of the strong wind, and the tiller of his ice-boat shifting from side to side to follow the windings of the shore. He had the whole afternoon, and he was in no hurry; and he preferred the variety of the shore to a bee-line down the river.

It was an ideal day for a run, the ice smooth and firm and the sky clear; and though the wind was unusually strong, each yachtsman could reef his sail to it according to his individual capacity or daring. Dozens of boats were gliding back and forth over the ice; some of them roughly made and slow moving, evidently the work of boys with little mechanical skill, others rounding their canvas full and taut to the wind and curving or speeding straight onward with the ease and gracefulness of swallows upon the wing. Howard's was neither one nor the other. It was by his own make, but into it he had put both care and skill. He could distance any of the second-rate yachts; but a costly model, if handled by one who understood it, could distance him.

Often, however, his skill made up for the deficiency of his boat, and if a costly model was handled by any but an expert, he was pretty sure to work into the lead.

As he swept round a point of land he saw several boats coming up the river toward him, evidently testing each other's speed. They were scarcely a mile away, and while he was speculating on the number of seconds it would take them to arrive opposite, he heard a sudden shout and saw the boats near him swerve hastily in toward shore. He glanced around quickly to see what had occasioned the alarm, but could see nothing but a large, finely modeled boat rushing toward him under a full head of canvas. He admired her proportions even while he condemned the risk of carrying so much sail, but was turning away



From Statue at Boston Art Museum.

THE APPEAL TO THE GREAT SPIRIT—CYRUS E. DALLIN.

when something in her erratic course made him look more closely. Then, suddenly, he threw his whole weight against the tiller, swerving his boat so that it sped away at almost right angles to its former course.

He was not a moment too soon. Scarcely had he turned when he felt the wind of the great yacht as it rushed by, almost grazing his stern. It was a runaway, tearing on to its own destruction against some rocky shore, and, what was more, threatening the destruction of any craft that might be unable to avoid its course.

Involuntarily he uttered a low exclamation of relief, checked almost instantly, however, and changed to one of dismay. For in the box of the yacht, as it rushed by, he saw the white, frightened face of a child. Doubtless the helmsman had been thrown out or in some way been left behind, and now the child was at the mercy of the mad thing that was tearing on.

There are some natures which act quickly, and Howard's was one of these. Even as the frightened eyes of the child looked into his he began to lash his tiller in place. Then he unreefed his sail until its entire surface was spread to the wind, doing just what he had condemned a few seconds before.

The sail secured, he unlashed the tiller and seated himself with his feet firmly braced. It would be a hard chase, he knew, and very likely a futile one. The runaway

was much the faster yacht, and except for ice craft the course was open. At this point the river was two miles wide, and the runaway was headed straight down, and apparently her tiller was lashed. Except for possible collisions, she might run thirty or forty miles without touching either shore. Could he hope to overtake her in that time? It would be his skill against her lack of a helmsman, his ability to take advantage of any possible flaw in the wind or defect in the ice.

But the wind was too steady for much display of skill, and the course too straight. At the end of five minutes the runaway had gained half a mile. But now the pursuing yacht was also going at tremendous speed, every inch of her canvas reaching for its share of the wind, and the mast and timbers bending under the strain. Howard was leaning forward, grasping the tiller with tense hand, his eyes watching keenly for anything that would help him gain a rod, a yard, or even an inch. An express train speeding along the shore at forty miles an hour was opposite them for a time, then slowly fell behind.

Another five minutes, and the watchful eyes saw the runaway quiver and swerve from her course, and her sail flap loosely for a moment and then regain its tautness. It was passing over a rough ridge, where a line of snow had blown out from shore by some sharp flurry of wind and become frozen to the surface. But

the delay brought Howard up to within one-fourth of a mile, for when he reached the ridge he threw his weight suddenly upon the tiller in such a manner that the yacht rose and cleared the snow with scarcely any check to her speed.

The swerving of the runaway from her course gave him, too, another advantage, although it meant that it was necessary to overtake her quickly. As now headed, she would strike the opposite shore near what was known as Ledge Point, six or seven miles down, and her present speed would take her there in twelve or fifteen minutes at the outside. But Howard's keen eyes convinced him that in crossing the ridge her tiller had somehow become changed, for, instead of a straight course, her direction was now slightly curved. By heading directly for some point near the outer end of the probable curve, he believed that he could intercept her before she struck.

But he kept on his course for another thirty seconds, to make sure of her direction, then swung his tiller a little into the wind. Then on and on he flew, with the swiftness of a homing bird, so holding his boat that the light steel runners found the least possible friction from the ice. Little by little skill began to tell against chance. Even in their diverging courses he could see that the distance was lessening yard by yard and rod by rod. At times, when she struck a bit of rough ice or line of snow, the runaway quivered and the tautness of her sail relaxed; such places, if narrow, he leaped his yacht across, or if wide, met with a skill that scarcely lost him speed. Once he saw a narrow fissure of open water in front of his yacht, but not extending to the course of the runaway. To avoid it would have meant losing the race, so he kept on, and at the very edge of the fissure swung the tiller so that the yacht rose in a leap, which carried her to the other side. It was taking chances, but it meant the child's life, and his very promptness and the velocity of the boat made it successful.

After that there was little but watchfulness and skill. He had gained the advantage desired, and now turned his boat in toward the runaway, drawing nearer and nearer, and yet nearer, until they were rushing along side by side. Then he lashed them together and crossed to the larger yacht beside the child, where he grasped the tiller and forced it sharply into the wind.

It was done just in time, for Ledge Point was less than a mile away. As they swung round and curved gracefully back up the river, he could count the icicles which hung from the frowning brows of the rocks.

Other yachts that had followed the wild race were now approaching, and Howard ran off before the wind for a few lengths to slacken speed, and then luffed sharply, coming to a full stop. One by one the other yachts followed his example, their owners crowding about him with congratulations and encomiums. Presently a yacht swung in beside them and a man sprang to the ice.

"Is he safe?" he asked.

"Yes; all right, except for being a little scared," Howard answered.

"Thank God!" the man cried fervently. "I never expected to see him alive again." He caught the child in his arms and strained him close. "Thank God! Thank God!" he repeated huskily. "It is more than I dared to hope. You see, I was all ready to start, and stepped from my yacht for a moment after something, and she slipped away. I followed

as rapidly as I could on another. I was too far away to be of any use, but near enough to watch you. It was nobly done, and skillfully—and now you must let me"—

Howard had unlashed the yachts hurriedly, and was now standing beside his own, with foot braced for a quick run.

"Oh, that's all right," he interrupted deprecatingly. "I don't want any reward. Any one would have done the same."

"Would if he could—maybe," the man corrected. "But that doesn't lessen my obligation. You must"—

But Howard had already made the quick run, and was now gliding away from them toward the center of the river.

"At least tell me your name," the man called.

But Howard pretended not to hear. He was bending over, examining some of the timbers which had become strained in the wild race.

That Queer Gray Animal.

BY MARY S. STOVER.

"I'M going to walk to the corner by the pretty white house that looks so much like Grandma Bowen's," Myra decided as mother buttoned the warm blue coat close up under her chin.

Myra never told anybody how lonely she felt sometimes in this Colorado town that was so different from the dear old village "back East." She had almost cried, though, the first time that she saw the little house that was so much like Grandma Bowen's, even to the round flower beds in front and the tiny garden and chicken yard behind.

Now Myra had a game about the pretty white house. Whenever she went toward it she played that she was going to see Grandma Bowen; and after she was past, she played she had made a call and was coming home. The first part of the game was more fun than the rest.

Sometimes the little girl wondered what sort of people lived in this pretty white house. She hoped that they were kind old people who liked to have children come to see them. She did wish that spring would come so that she could see them at work in the round flower beds and in the garden.

But this morning Myra forgot all about her game and how much she wanted spring to come, because just as she got near the corner there was a terrible squawking and fluttering and screeching inside the chicken yard that belonged to the little white house. As soon as she was a little closer Myra could see why that black hen screeched and fluttered. Some queer, slim, gray creature was holding the poor hen fast by one foot!

Myra couldn't see it very well because the chicken yard was back from the street and the wire fence was close and high; but she knew that she had never seen such a strange animal before. Whenever the hen fluttered and flapped her wings and tried to fly away, that slim gray creature held on fast and its body floated right out behind!

Poor Myra was so frightened that she wanted to run right home to her mother. But who would save the poor hen if she ran away?

Instead of running home, she made her frightened little feet carry her straight up to the side door of the little white house. She knocked quick and hard.

The door was opened by a dear old lady with white hair and a smile that was ever so much like Grandma Bowen's. Her kitchen

was almost exactly like Grandma Bowen's too; and it was full of the gingery smell of cookies baking. Myra nearly forgot the poor hen when she smelled them. But not quite.

"Run, run!" she cried. "A queer animal has caught one of the hens."

"The hens, Silas; the hens!" The old lady had to call so loud that Myra knew the smiling old gentleman beside the stove must be a little deaf, like Grandpa Bowen. But he was a spry old man when he threw down his paper and hurried outdoors. The old lady held fast to Myra's hand and drew her inside.

"You wait here, dearie, while father finds out what the matter is. Aren't you a new little girl? I don't remember seeing you before."

"We've been here three weeks," said Myra.

Then it wasn't a minute till she found herself sitting in a big, cushioned chair and munching a fresh ginger cookie while she told about her mother and father and her walk and that queer gray animal.

"Aren't you afraid it will hurt your husband?" she asked.

"No, it can't be anything that will hurt a man, though I don't see what it can be," said the old lady. "Coyotes are gray, and they like hens, but they never come into town." She peered out of the window.

"There's Silas now. Everything must be all right again."

The old gentleman came in laughing. "Do you know what a gunny sack is, little girl?" he asked.

"I—I guess it's what potatoes come in."

"That's right. And it was a gunny sack animal that caught my black hen." He laughed again, hard; but Myra didn't understand till he explained.

"I'd dropped an old, torn gunny sack inside the hen yard; and that hen caught her foot in one of the holes. There is a strong wind today; and every time the hen tried to get loose she would lift the sack just enough for the wind to catch it and make it float out back of her. It did look something like a queer new animal!" he laughed. "I guess the child was as much scared as Blackie, wasn't she, mother?"

"She's a little Eastern girl who has just come to live in Colorado, so it is only natural for her to think that we may have all sorts of strange animals running loose. She was a brave little neighbor to come and tell us so that you could set Blackie free," said the dear old lady. "Have another cookie, child."

Myra ate another cookie and listened to a story about a real wild animal that the old gentleman saw once. Then she said that she must start home before her mother began to worry.

"Come again! We like to have little girls visit us. When I call on your mother I shall ask her to let you stop in just as often as you like," said the dear old lady.

"I'd like to come, because you are so much like my dear Grandma and Grandpa Bowen," Myra told them with a happy little laugh.

Said a cheerful old bear at the Zoo:

"I never have time to feel blue.

If it bores me, you know,

To walk to and fro,

I reverse it and walk fro and to."

CENTURY.

Esther's Skates.

BY CHARLOTTE ONTHANK.

"COME on, Joe, let's go out and spend our ten cents. What are you going to get? I want five cents' worth of candy and some marbles."

"Oh, I don't know, Frank. I guess I'll get a new ball. Mine's losing its bounce. You coming, Sis?"

"No," replied Esther, and added in a mysterious tone, "I'm going to do something else with my money. It's a secret. I'm not even going to tell mother until it's done, and surprise her."

"Huh!" said Joe, loftily. "Going to get a new ribbon, I suppose."

But Esther only smiled for answer and went off to school, carefully carrying her ten-cent allowance for the week. At noon she came flying home with something in her hand.

"Look, Frank! Look, Joe!" she screamed excitedly when she overtook her brothers in their yard. She held out to them the booklet which she held in her hand. "See!" she said in triumph. "This is my secret. This is what I did with my ten cents."

The boys stopped and looked curiously at the book which she held out to them. On the outside was written "Price School Savings Bank" and her name. Inside she pointed proudly to the entry, "April 15,—Deposited \$0.10—Balance \$0.10."

"Look at that!" exclaimed Joe, in disgust. "I thought you had something worth looking at!"

"I should say so," grinned Frank. "What good do you think ten cents in the bank will do you? That is too little to earn interest."

The little girl's face lost its happy smile, but she said proudly, "I like it and it's my ten cents. And I mean to put in some more."

"Huh!" said the boys, contemptuously, and marched away.

Esther walked slowly into the house, feeling that the day and the deed were not so good after all. She felt timid about showing the book to her mother, but the boys told about it at the table.

"Mother, what do you think Esther did with her ten cents?" Frank asked scornfully.

"What did you do, dear?" asked their mother of the little girl. But Esther only hung her head, feeling ashamed to tell.

"She put it in the School Savings Bank, mother!" said Joe, in derision. "Ten cents in the bank! Oh my!"

"Esther dear, you have done a wise thing, and mother is proud of you. What have you to show for your money, boys?"

Frank hung his head sheepishly. His mother noticed it.

"Well, Frank. Show me what you have."

"I got some candy and some marbles."

"Where are they?" asked his mother.

"I ate the candy."

"Where are the marbles?"

"I lost them in a game."

"What have you now, only four hours since you got your money, to show for it?"

"Nothing," replied the boy, very low.

"Don't you think Esther did better than you? What have you to show, Joe?"

The boy triumphantly took his new ball from his pocket.

"You have done better, but a ball will not last so long as Esther's bank book. Esther has been the best buyer of you all."

"But I don't want to put my money in an old bank," complained Frank.

"Neither do I," said Joe.



TRYING THE NEW SLED.

"All right, boys," replied their mother; "the money is yours and you may do with it what you like. I shall not interfere so long as you do not make yourself sick with it."

Early in the February following the ice on the pond near the children's house was perfect for skating. The boys got out their old skates and set out for the pond. Upon arriving they were surprised to see Esther skimming about with two girl friends. But most of all they were astounded to see upon her feet a pair of new skates of just the kind they had wanted.

"Look at those skates Esther has!" exclaimed Joe. "Hi, Esther! Where did you get the skates?"

"I shan't tell you!" she said with a laugh.

"Come on, Frank," said Joe. "Let's go ask mother for some too. She must have given them to Esther."

So they ran home as fast as they could.

"Mother!" Joe shouted. "Mother, where are you?"

"Here in the sewing room," she replied.

They tumbled up the stairs pell-mell and almost fell upon her in their eagerness.

"Mother," said Joe, "we want some too."

"Some what?" asked mother.

"Some new skates like Esther's. They are just what we have been longing for. Please, mother."

"I did not give them to Esther."

"You didn't! Who did? Father?"

"No."

"Where did she get them?"

"Can't you think?"

"Uncle John?"

"No. She bought them herself this morning."

"How could she? She hasn't any more money than we have."

"Do you remember last April when you made fun of Esther for starting her bank account?"

"Yes."

"You almost discouraged her so that she did not save any more, but she has saved every week since then. This week she took her money out of the bank and bought her skates. Next Monday she will start saving again for something else. Do you think you or Esther have more to show for the allowance, boys?"

"She has, of course, mother," they agreed. "Then we can't have any skates?"

"I don't see how you can," their mother said gravely, "unless you earn them or save for them."

Next Monday morning after getting their allowance the boys came home with a bank book apiece. They earned their skates by shoveling snow for people, but Frank is saving for a wireless outfit and Joe for a baseball mitt.

Grandmother's Spicy Stories.

BY FAYE N. MERRIMAN.

No. 5.

"YOU take it, grandmother," Robert said the following evening as he hastily thrust a little brown roll into his grandmother's hand. "I might eat it up—I do like cinnamon so."

"It wouldn't do to eat your specimen," grandmother laughed. "Now what do you suppose cinnamon is?"

"It looks like bark," Robert said, eyeing the little bundle rather hungrily.

"It is bark," she answered, smiling. "It is the inner bark of a small evergreen tree that is grown in Ceylon."

"That's another evergreen tree!" Robert said.

Grandmother nodded. "But we must not confuse these evergreen trees with the evergreen pines," she said; "the cinnamon tree has large leaves and flowers of a greenish color. These flowers are said to have a rather disagreeable odor."

"I think the cinnamon smells good," Robert exclaimed.

"Yes, but the cinnamon itself is the inner bark of the tree. The trees are planted in gardens, and the bark is taken from shoots eighteen months or a year old. These shoots are from eighteen to twenty feet in length. The shoots are cut twice a year after the rains and the bark is detached in foot lengths."

"I'd like to have a foot or two of them," Robert exclaimed.

Grandmother smiled. "I used to buy it in lengths of about a foot," she said. "The outside bark and the inner layer are carefully scraped away so that the remaining portion is very thin. The smaller pieces are slipped inside of the larger"—



THE BEACON CLUB

OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.

OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.

OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.



Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of the Beacon Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

MISSOURI BOTANICAL GARDEN,
St. Louis, Mo.

Dear Miss Buck,—I am very interested in *The Beacon* stories and enjoy it very much. I go to the Unitarian Sunday school of which Rev. George R. Dodson is minister. We are having a new church built and will soon be in it; but while it is building we are holding Sunday school and church in a music conservatory. I am twelve years old, and my little brother is nine, and we both get *The Beacon* every Sunday. I have worked out the enigma No. XVIII, and think it is—dictionary. I have also made up an enigma, which I am sending.

Your interested reader.

HARRIET MOORE.

DIGHTON, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck,—I attend the Unitarian Sunday school in Dighton, where my father is the minister. I enjoy the letters and the puzzles in *The Beacon* and I would like very much to become a member of the Beacon Club. Our Sunday school is having entertainments every month. The one for this month is called a Fashion Show. I am enclosing an enigma.

Yours truly,

E. GERTRUDE PALMER.

DES MOINES, IA.,
3510 6th Avenue.

Dear Miss Buck,—I go to the Unitarian Sunday

school in Des Moines, Ia., and I enjoy *The Beacon* very much. I read an interesting story out of *The Beacon* about "How Little Bear Paid his Debt," and I have also read many other stories in *The Beacon*. I am eight years old. I would like to be a member of the Beacon Club.

Very truly,

KATHERINE PARKER.

NEWTON, MASS.,
40 Nonantum Street.

Dear Miss Buck,—I have taken *The Beacon* every year and like it very much. I have sent in three puzzles for it and hope you can use them.

Every year when we do not miss more than two Sundays in Sunday school we get a book. I have gotten three books.

I would like very much to join the Beacon Club.

Yours sincerely,

RUTH FURLONG.

Other new members of our Club are: Francis A. Hale, San Francisco, Cal.; Dorothy E. Rose, New London, Conn.; Pauline Fitz Jerrell, Geneseo, Ill.; Gladys C. Roberts, Ashby, Mass.; Emily Brown and Charles Greely, Dorchester, Mass.; Hazel Gaskin, Leslie and Vivian Hinckley, Middleboro, Mass.; Louise Thomas, Wollaston, Mass.; Lucy M. Foley and Dorothy McAlexander, Fayerdale, Va.

TIMELY ADVICE.

The Sunday school was about to be dismissed and the members of the younger classes were already in anticipation. They relaxed their cramped little limbs after the long confinement on straight-backed benches. Then to the dismay of all, the superintendent entered and, instead of the usual dismissal, announced: "And now, my children, let me introduce Mr. Blank, who will give us a short talk." The man introduced, after gazing impressively round the classroom, began, "Well, children, I hardly know what to say." He had no more than uttered the words when the school was convulsed to hear a small, girlish voice in the rear of the room lisp out, "Thay amēn and thit down!"

CARUSO AND CRUSOE.

The children at their opening exercise had just listened to a selection on the phonograph. "Now," said the teacher, "who can tell me what great singer we have just heard?" "Caruso!" answered a small boy. "Good!" said the delighted teacher. "Now who can tell me what great man sang with Caruso?" "Crusoe's man Friday," was the unexpected reply.

HUMOR IN THE HOSPITAL.

A lady tells as a true story of a soldier's wit, that a soldier in a hospital on recovering consciousness said, "Nurse, what is this on my head?" "Vinegar cloths," she replied. "You have had fever." After a pause: "And what is this on my chest?" "A mustard plaster. You have had pneumonia." "And what is this at my feet?" "Salt bags. You have had frost-bite." A soldier from the next bed looked up and said: "Hang a pepper-box to his nose, nurse, then he will be a cruet."

RECREATION CORNER.

ENIGMA XXX.

I am composed of 16 letters.
My 6, 8, 11, is an inclosure.
My 3, 4, 5, 10, is the opposite of go.
My 7, 13, 14, is a part of the body.
My 12, 1, 2, is the opposite of righteousness.
My 9, 16, 2, is found in a chicken yard.
My 11, 13, 15, 8, is a large river in Africa.
My whole is what cannot be understood.

HARRIET MOORE.

ENIGMA XXXI.

I am composed of 14 letters.
My 14 and 12 is the opposite of yes.
My 13, 4, 7, and 2 is an animal.
My 6 and 14 is an article.
My 4 and 7 is a verb.
My 8, 9, 7, and 2 is a part of a tree.
My 13, 9, 12, and 14 is also an animal.
My 5, 9, 8, and 13 is not as high as a mountain.
My 11, 12, 1, and 8 is a mineral.
My 3, 6, 9, and 10 is the opposite of snow.
My whole was a President of the United States.
PEGGY (8 years old).

CHARADE.

My first is made with many strings,
And to the ear much pleasure brings.
My next, when very long and deep,
At night lulls us to dreamless sleep.
My third I practice every day,
And hope in time to learn to play.
My all, in days of long ago,
Made sweetest music, soft and low.

Youth's Companion.

A BUNCH OF KEYS.

Example: A Thanksgiving key. Answer: Turkey.
1. A key that rides race-horses. 2. A meddlesome key. 3. A fortunate key. 4. A brave key. 5. An African key. 6. A stupid key. 7. A dripping key. 8. A playful key.

St. Nicholas.

TWISTED BIRDS.

- | | |
|----------------|-----------------|
| 1. Rulbedbi. | 4. Cujon. |
| 2. Norgaworpo. | 5. Gitenghanil. |
| 3. Biron. | 6. Newr. |

CAROL MASON.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 12.

ENIGMA XXVI. Captain John Smith.
ENIGMA XXVII. Little Queen Esther.
RHYMED TRANSPOSITIONS. I. What, thaw. II. Pool, loop. III. Team, meat.
WORD SQUARE. L E T
E Y E
T E N

BEHEADMENTS. 1. P-each. 2. P-low. 3. L-out. 4. B-lame. 5. D-anger. 6. B-ear. 7. S-tiff. 8. S-tale. 9. H-owl.

Answers to puzzles have been sent by Edith Williams, Hackensack, N.J.; Mary Beals, Walpole, Mass.; and Leslie Booth, Montreal, Canada.

THE BEACON

REV. FLORENCE BUCK, EDITOR

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